

# PRESIDENT M'KINLEY RECEIVES MISS EVANGELINA CISNEROS.

## More Than 100,000 Enthusiastic Citizens of Washington Mass Themselves About Convention Hall to Cheer the Fair Refugee from Cuba and Karl Decker, Her Gallant Rescuer.



Mrs. John A. Logan. President McKinley. Evangelina Cisneros. Karl Decker.

EVANGELINA CISNEROS PLEADING WITH PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AT THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE WOMEN OF CUBA.

Thousands of Warm Souled American Men and Women Give Enthusiastic Welcome to the Cuban Maid.

She and Mr. Decker Have an Ovation Such as Few Have Received in the City of Great Gatherings—Statesmen and Society Greet Them.


WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—Under an arched roof that would span the Pantheon, twenty thousand Americans welcomed Evangelina Cisneros into her citizenship. The Stars and Stripes kissed against the blue and white bars of the Cuban flag, and a thousand electric stars flashed from the steel-girded framework of Convention Hall. Here, in the national capital, central ganglion of the Republic, the willing voices of the people informed the heart and conscience of the President that Cuba must be free.

Seventy-five thousand people lined the alleys of streets from the Arlington Hotel town to Pennsylvania avenue and up to Convention Hall. Twenty thousand awaited them there, while outside, swirling, tumultuous and with the slow, terrible vortex of a maelstrom, another twenty thousand waited for hours in the clouded darkness for a glimpse of Karl Decker and Miss Cisneros. A modest parade—a band, a few battalions of the High School cadets, in honor of their former comrade in arms; a few carriages of battle-scarred veterans, reminiscent of a younger hero—yet half of Washington turned out to welcome them. The streets were brilliantly illuminated; red fire, Roman candles and rockets filled the streets with smoke and color. An hour before the time of meeting, the vast auditorium was packed, and, with college songs swelling from enthusiastic Georgetown and Columbian students, the minutes fled away.

The Campbells Came.


Then, from a remote corner, arose a single yell. A keen-eyed citizen heard the strains of martial music, like the belonging ones of Lucknow, playing "The Campbells Are Coming." The yell arose in a sharp crescendo, joined, roared, echoed and reverberated amid the rafters from 20,000 throats, and died away until the band had entered the hall, then arose again in triple force as Karl Decker and Evangelina walked across the front of the huge platform to their seats.

# SPAIN THREATENS A CASUS BELLI.



John Sherman.

Unless Filibustering Stops She Will Search American Ships on the High Seas.



Senor Sagasta.

De Lome Instructed to Notify the United States Government of This Intention.

Backing Up This Threat, Spain Will Send Additional Cruisers to Cuba—She Courteously, but Definitely Declares That She Has Reached the Limit of Concessions to Cuba—Spanish Press Fears a Rupture.

By Frank Marshall White.

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MADRID, Oct. 23.—It is announced that the Government has decided to considerably strengthen the naval forces of Spain in Cuban waters, and at the same time I am informed that the Cabinet has determined that if any more filibustering expeditions are organized in the United States, Spain will again exercise the right of search in the case of any vessels flying the American or any other flag on the high seas, and which the Spanish cruisers may consider suspicious.

Instructions are about to be sent to Minister Dupuy de Lome at Washington to warn the United States Government of this.

From conversations with several members of his Cabinet I gather the following impressions with regard to the Spanish answer to General Woodford's note. It begins by thanking the American Government for the courteous tone and for the friendly expressions which it contains, and says that Spain has always reciprocated those sentiments. It then proceeds to describe in detail the liberal reforms that are about to be inaugurated in Cuba. It declares that Spain has reached with these reforms the extreme limit of all it can possibly grant to Cuba, and it hopes that these

Evangelina Cisneros, Chaperoned by Mrs. John A. Logan, Calls at the White House and Sees President McKinley.

Overcome by Her Emotions, She Fails to Make the Touching Appeal for Cuban Women and Children Which She Had Prepared.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—Evangelina Cisneros has shaken hands with the President of the United States. Ask her about the city of Washington and she will tell you not of the historic buildings or the pretty squares. "El Presidente," she will say, and her big eyes will tell you the rest.

From the moment she left New York the senorita was busy informing herself of his history. She began with his birth, but she turned the pages quickly, and long, long before the train reached Washington she had come down to the all-absorbing question of her life.

"Quiero Cuba libre?" she asked—she watched the interpreter's lips as he framed her question. "Does he want Cuba free?" And she could not understand why it was not answered with decision one way or the other.

Usually the most observant of young women, Evangelina became, the instant of her arrival in Washington, absorbed in the discovery of one certain building. On her way from the station to the hotel she peered through the carriage windows, her black eyes trying to pierce the darkness of night. With indifference she drove by theatres glowing with lights. With unseeing eyes she looked upon the Washington Monument. The Treasury had no interest for her. She shrugged her shoulders at the new Corcoran Art Gallery; she listened dully to the list of sights worth seeing.

"Ah! If I could only speak English!" she cried a dozen times. She was suddenly interested with new ambition to learn it. "In six months," she said, "there will be nothing I shall not tell him."

Too Anxious to Sleep.

Senorita Cisneros always breakfasts 1897—the date will finger in the calendar of 1897, the date will linger in the calendar of her memory—she was up at 7. She had eaten her breakfast and she was rehearsing before a mirror her most graceful bows, her prettiest smile, her sweetest tone.

"El Presidente Ma-King-Ley," she began a dozen times, and then ended with an impatient, "No, no, no," each time something in tone or gesture was at fault, and she began again.

"I come to speak to you," she said, her dark eyes upturned to an imaginary figure. "I come to speak to you for the women and children of Cuba, who are helpless. The men, they speak for themselves in the field—but the women—the children—great tears came into the eyes of Evangelina. She was no longer rehearsing, no longer acting. It was real. The great man suddenly stood before her holding in his grasp the life-blood of her people. Her little hands were tightly clasped in supplication, her girlish body swayed with an intensity of emotion, the words flowed from between her lips in rapid eloquence.

"The women and children," she said, "who are the victims of murder and outrage must look to the great civilized Government of the United States for protection. They ask you to see that wholesale murder shall not any longer be committed by the Spanish troops, and that those who are unable to defend themselves against barbarity shall find a defender in the Government of the United States. The mothers and daughters of Cuba ask you on their knees to save them from further outrage. One word, one stroke of your pen means freedom and happiness for them. You cannot, ah, you cannot forget the history of your own country. If you recognize the belligerency of the Cuban Republic our fathers and brothers will no longer be called outlaws on the land and pirates on the sea. The women of Cuba will bless you for it. God will bless you and your country for it."

The little girl stood at the end of it as though in a trance. She seemed to await a reply. She came to herself as the minutes passed and none was forthcoming.

Continued on Page Fifty-three.